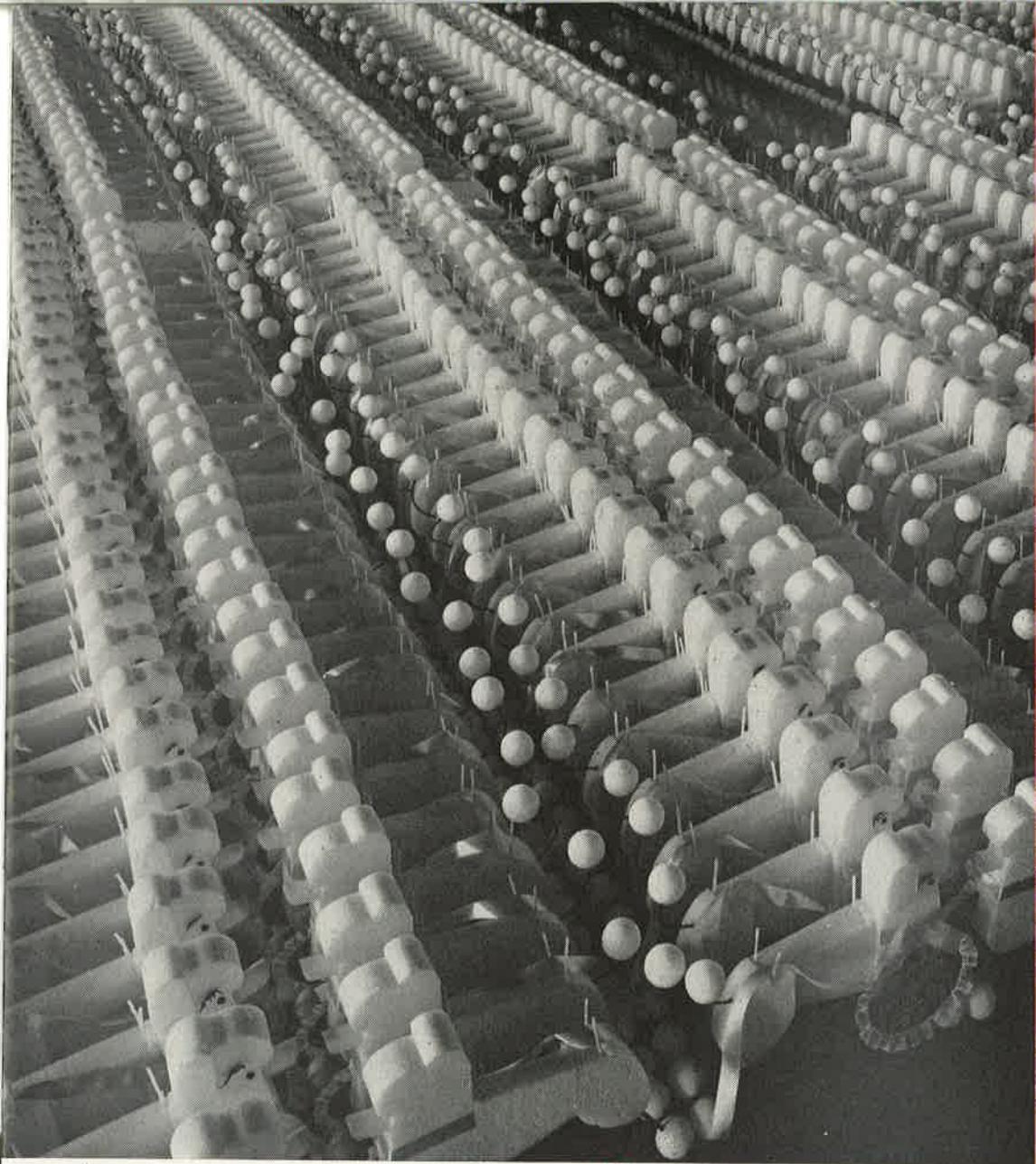


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Cover: A few years ago, during the decade of the Fifties, Parker introduced a new writing instrument set to the public, gift boxed in a re-usable box, styled as an evening bag. The set, called the "bagatelle", required a unique point-of-sale piece for promotion. A stylized French Poodle, made of styrofoam, was designed by Parker and executed in quantity by a local manufacturer. Before they were shipped to dealers throughout the nation, Shoptalker had opportunity to catch and preserve this picture.

Photo Credits: Cover, Pages 3, 8, and 16, by John Dooley, Rex Photo; Bottom of Page 6 by U. S. Army.

Executive Leadership Changes Hands

At May's end, Kenneth Parker announced his retirement as Chairman of The Parker Pen Company after 40 years of active creativity in the writing instrument business. Soon thereafter, the helm was turned over to a generation of new young business professionals.

As Bruce M. Jeffris was elevated to the position of Chairman, Daniel Parker was elected as the fourth President in the 73-year history of the company. George Parker, also a third generation member of the founder's family succeeded Daniel Parker as Executive Vice President.

The trio of new leaders are shown above shortly after the board of directors approved their appointments. They are, from left, George Parker, Daniel Parker, and Bruce M. Jeffris.





Metals Reorganizes 16,000 Square Feet

Since the initial floor arrangement of the Metals Department was completed in 1953, great quantities of additional equipment have been ushered in to meet growing production demands. Placement of new machinery resembled, somewhat, the preparation of a chessboard by one totally unfamiliar with the instruments or rules of play. Tools were spotted wherever there was sufficient room, whether a direct relationship to production flow or comparable machinery existed.

All of this was expedient. When Arrow Park was formally opened, the company made but two major products. Now there are five. During the interim, the prime objective was to produce as much as possible however possible.

Finally, the time was right to reorganize the equipment which had flooded the Metals Department. Engineers went to work replanning layouts. Prime in their considerations was the fact that numerous tumbling machines, which have become an important part of metals finishing at Arrow Park, had to be separated from other areas of the department because of the nature of their work. In planning, this was done.

In practice, a wall, half glass, half wood, was erected around the aisles of tumbling and specialized equipment. Machines from all parts of the department, related to one another either in terms of the work they did or the necessary flow of produced goods, were assembled in specific areas. Machines more closely related to other departments than Metals were moved out. Some 16,000 square feet of production space was realigned, with organized space provided for future expansion.

The moving job was hectic, as one might suspect. The 150 employees in the Metals Department continued their duties throughout the shuffle. Machines were relocated, for the most part, after Metals employees had left for the day or while the machines, themselves, were idle. This added a considerable amount of confusion to the working day, but it could have been chaotic were it not for expert planning and coordination by all people involved.

Now that the work is finished and machinery is placed in its "natural" position, the people of the Metals Department are finding that they have a far better understanding of what their individual tasks mean in the over all production picture. Materials flow and production have improved, certainly, but understanding of the individual's role, alone, is sufficient reward for a tough job well done.

West Point Creates "The New Daisy"

Remember "The Daisy", Gen. John J. Pershing's old and disheveled 1916 Dodge touring car, which Daniel Parker saved in 1954 from destruction in a French dump heap? The car had been the pride of the American Expeditionary Force which went to Europe in 1917 to fight "The Great War".

Gen. Pershing used it throughout the campaign as his personal command car. Many people drove it, among them Captain Eddie Rickenbacker who chauffeured for Pershing during part of the war.

When the victorious Yanks returned home, the old Dodge remained behind, passing from one hand to another until finally, beaten and battered, it was "discovered" in a French junkyard, about to be turned to scrap. A radio report on the fate of The Daisy fell on the sympathetic ear of Mr. Parker who cabled an offer to purchase the car. The offer was accepted and the remains of The Daisy came to Janesville.

After its arrival in the U. S., the car was shown at a Janesville YMCA Industrial Show as an extra attraction. Then, it rested in a company garage until the idea was born to offer it to the U. S. Military Academy for restoration and display in the Academy Museum. The Academy quickly accepted the offer and the car was sent on its way to West Point together with a slightly newer vintage Dodge which was to be used for parts.

West Point Cadets set to work on stripping the car completely. Every last part, down to nuts and bolts, was cleaned, inspected, and replaced if necessary. Motor and wheel bearings had to go.

A modern electric fuel pump was concealed within the original vacuum pump. A set of new tires and tubes of the type needed cost the Cadet Ordnance Club, which worked on the Daisy, \$235.

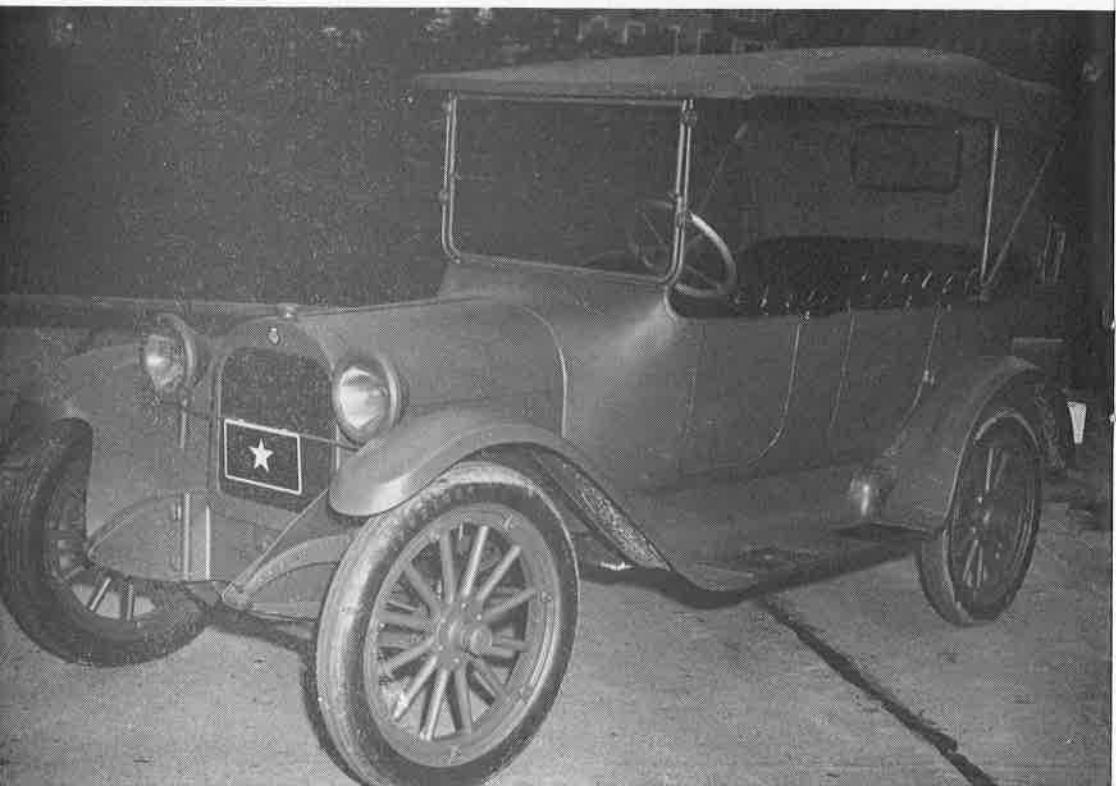
When the job was finished, one could hardly recognize the car that was saved from a scrap pile. The Cadets had duplicated, once more, the shape and stance the Daisy had when she left U. S. shores in 1917. Gone were all the many modifications and additions given her over the years. In their place stood a clean, crisp looking auto from out of the past.

The Daisy as she was and as she is now can be seen by turning to the next page.



Above: The Daisy, with her spare-parts companion behind, leaves Janesville by truck, bound for West Point.

Below: The finished Daisy as she will appear to visitors to the new West Point museum when a place for her has been prepared.



A Visit With The Bennetts of Sao Paulo

(Earlier this year, Lawrence Peck, quality assurance director, went to South America on business, and in doing so, spent several days with L. Jack Bennett. He returned with the following report on Sao Paulo and the Bennetts.—Editor.)

Jack and Lu appear to have acclimated themselves very well to the Brazilian way of life. The city in which they live is perhaps one of the most progressive cities in the world. It only recently passed Rio de Janeiro in population and now is the largest city in Brazil with a population of approximately 3,800,000. Except for the temperature the many new, tall buildings and skyscrapers, coupled with its busy atmosphere, reminds one of New York City.

Sao Paulo is located right on the Tropic of Capricorn, which compares with Havana, Cuba, in distance from the equator. The city's elevation above sea level is about 3,000 feet and it is surrounded by small mountains. These factors give it a very desirable climate condition. The days are warm, but the nights are cool. It is this climate that has had a direct bearing on its rapid growth.

Jack and Lu Bennett live in a new, modern apartment building located in an interesting part of Sao Paulo. The view from their apartment overlooks a new, modern civic center. The apartment, itself, compares favorably with any new and modern apartment building found in the U. S. A.

Among other things, Jack and Lu have been studying the Portuguese language. This is an important step in doing business in a foreign country and they find the language interesting.

Life for them is new and different. The day runs three hours ahead of Janesville time; food is slightly different, fruits and vegetables particularly are different and plentiful. Beautiful flowers are abundant and orchids of all colors are as bountiful as roses in Wisconsin.

Just so they don't forget Janesville completely, they have a golf course to keep them in shape and you can well imagine that Janesville and its people enter into their conversation frequently because their close friends are Mr. and Mrs. Ken Lamb (the former Nancy Gullett and her husband) of Janesville and Beloit.



Italiart to Come To Janesville at Year's End

The Parker Exhibition of Contemporary Italian Art is moving now through its final stages on the West Coast of the U. S., making appearances in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Portland. In December the exhibition returns to the Midwest and Janesville where plans call for a local public showing.

Before shifting to the West, the exhibit appeared at B. Altman's in New York where 225 bids were submitted on paintings in the collection.

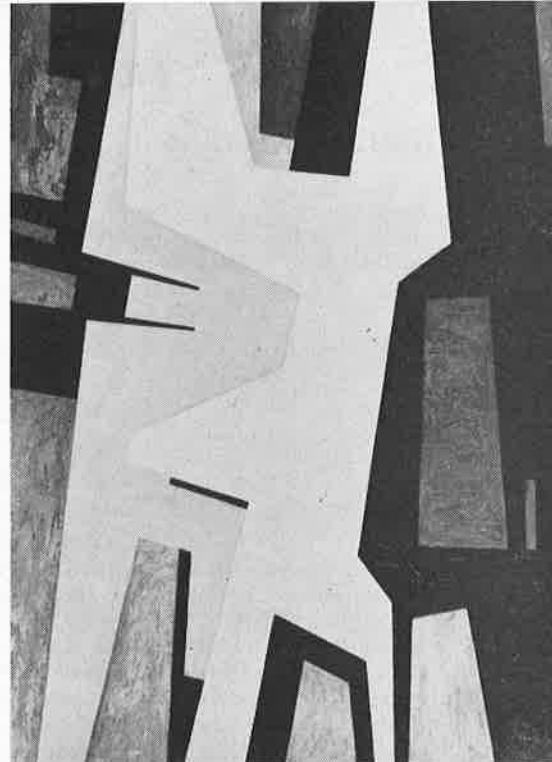
To give Shoptalker readers more of an insight into the content of the exhibition, we have selected several of the paintings for reproduction.



Joan of Arc, by Pietro Annigoni, is one of the most valuable paintings in the exhibition. Annigoni is a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters in England and has executed portraits of the British Royal Family which have gained him world-wide fame.



Sonia, by Marcello Boccacci. This painting attracted two bids from its New York showing. The artist has received several important national prizes in Italy.



In Ambush, by Gualtiero Nativi, was among those paintings selected for reproduction by a Philadelphia art critic. The artist has collaborated with several Italian architects in executing decorations and mosaics.



Xavier Bueno's painting titled *Children* is one of the most popular in the exhibit. The huge 59 by 87-inch canvas has collected more than a dozen bids.



Italiart continued

Pieta, by Primo Conti, a 55 by 79-inch canvas depicting a scene from the crucifixion. Conti is one of Italy's leading artists and was a member of the group which selected the paintings for the Italiart Exhibition.

Houses Under the Hill, by Bruno Rosai, while continuing as part of the Italiart Exhibition, is now the property of Dwight David Eisenhower. The painting was presented to the President during the Washington showing. Daniel Parker made the presentation in the presence of Senator Alexander Wiley. Howard Gruenthal of the President's staff accepted for Mr. Eisenhower who was out of the city.



Matthay to European Post

Soon, if not by the time this is read, Frank Matthay will take up new duties as general manager of all Parker operations in Europe. He and his family will reside in Paris where Matthay will establish his office.

Frank Matthay joined Parker Pen in 1927 and was named manager of the Company's newly formed foreign sales department two years later. During his tenure, Parker's sales abroad zoomed. In 1954, he was named vice president and later became a member of the IMS group.

Born in Flensburg, Germany, Matthay has traveled three times around the world and has made over 40 individual trips to Europe, the Far East, and South America.

In his new capacity, Matthay will supervise Parker's operations in France, England and Germany and will direct relations with product licensees in Denmark, Italy and Spain.



Frank Matthay

D.P. Goes Abroad

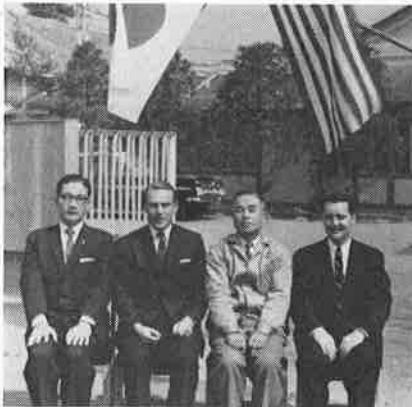
When Daniel Parker went abroad recently to survey the conditions and needs of the company's far-flung assets and initiate further growth, he became the third-generation Parker to do so. Where he went, Parker history preceded him. Those he met knew him through long ago conversation with his father.

In Singapore, for example, an employe of Montor Ltd., Parker's distributor there, recalled shaking hands not only with Kenneth Parker, but George S. Parker as well.

On these pages, we present a brief, pictorial description of some of the events of Mr. Parker's trip.

In India, Mr. Parker was the guest of Naval Tata, a member of India's leading industrial family. Mr. Tata and his wife visited here last year.





While visiting Japan, Mr. Parker and Richard Holznecht paid a call on officials of the Pilot Pen Company. Eitaro Kazusa (at right) was a one-day visitor to Parker Pen about two years ago, and toured Arrow Park.



It was also in Singapore, as elsewhere, that Mr. Parker had opportunity to talk to the press. Here, three reporters for local newspapers questioned Mr. Parker about world conditions in the pen industry. Ronald Fairlamb stands between Mr. Parker and Richard Holznecht.



In Singapore, the entire Montor organization turned out to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Parker and Mr. Holznecht. The Parkers are shown flanked by Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Fairlamb, managing director of the company. Holznecht holds the daughter of one of the Montor employees on his lap.

It was at this Singapore occasion that Mr. Parker met a man who had participated in similar welcomes for both his father and grandfather. That gentleman is shown presenting a basket of flowers to Mrs. Parker.



Persuit

by
David Alan Gibb



According to the clock on the unbombed part of the cathedral, it was 10:40 P.M. in the town. The year was 1946. In the French Zone of Germany, in Wurtemburg, in Stuttgart, it was again night.

Night came early. By custom, the Germans were in bed by 10:00. By preference, they left the streets to the French patrols. They went to sleep to ease the gnawing emptiness in their stomachs and minds. They needed food. They needed to forget their memories of the past. Sleep sometimes helped.

The desolate streets, lined with gray houses, were as tunnels, black and endless. Quiet and darkness surrounded and smothered the streets. A cold wind swept through them as if in search of a companion.

The only things which broke the silence were the footfalls of a man. The echo of his steps broke the silence as bombs had penetrated the blackness less than a year before.

The sound came closer. The man limped. Painfully, he dragged his left leg. He pulled it up even with the right leg. He stepped forward with the right leg. Then, he repeated the same painful process, the same tedious process.

The cool air surged around the young man. It failed to invigorate him. His face was tortured with an inward trouble. He was hardly conscious of the pain in his leg. In fact, the leg was much improved. It had been fixed hurriedly, but well, by the French medical corps, the doctors who had helped all the wounded. He had not wanted the French to touch him, but the advice of his practical wife had shown him the necessity.

No, it was a mental terror that haunted him. He walked to ease
(Next page, please)



that more critical problem. The physical pain was of little importance in relation to it.

He had undergone all the trials and horrors of war, but so had so many others. To him, perhaps, the problems were more real, more terrible. No, they were more than terrible to everyone involved, he knew that. It must have been something in his make-up, something in his character that made the war affect him so. Some unknown, undefined fear gripped at him and ate at him. A desolate, empty person, he walked the bleak streets. His uneven pace made strange, foreboding noises ring forth from the cobblestones.

The moon came from beneath a cloud. It bathed the cathedral and ruins in a shimmering, cold light. It was almost 11:00 o'clock.

The man pulled himself around the corner and entered the town square. Only a few buildings had escaped the bombs. Only a few of these were lighted. The first and second stories had been bombed out of one of them, but lights shone forth from the ground floor. Melodic music permeated the debris filled square with a gay, rhythmic air.

The German laboriously found his way to the bier garten and entered. A light gaiety prevailed among the few people who were out so late. Seven or eight young people were sitting at one of the large, wooden tables, swaying back and forth and singing in time with the band. An elderly man and his wife were enjoying the music.

The man limped to the corner farthest from the people and music. He had been attracted to the place as all weary travelers are attracted to bright lights, but he resented the happiness of the others.

They could forget what had happened. They were as content under French rule as under German. They could face the new life. They could adjust to the new life.

But he could not.

He lurched up from the table. A few people wondered why he left before ordering anything, but most hadn't even noticed his entrance. Gaiety was as foreign to him as is sunlight to the maggots that eke out an existence in the dark.

He reached the street in a furious, unreasonable mood. Suddenly, he stopped. The echoes of heavy boots struck against the cobblestones signaled the approach of a French patrol. He was frozen with fear. He could not breathe. Then, in a sudden burst, his strength returned.

The German ran down the street away from the French. He thought that the patrol was following him, but he knew not why. His leg began to throb, but he kept on running, now dragging it behind him, now pulling it out in front of him, now trying to put his weight on it. It was just as he had done in the last battle, before the end of the war!

He looked back to see the enemy. They had turned the corner and were in the square. Now he entered the shadows of the cathedral. He



David Alan Gibb was born March 1, 1943, in Waterbury, Conn., but spent much of his 17 years in Janesville where his father, John Gibb, was employed in the Domestic Sales Department. Now he and the family live in New Canaan, Conn., where the family took up residence after Gibb was transferred to another post in the company.

David will be a senior in the New Canaan High School this Fall. He likes languages, writing and dramatics and has gleaned a good deal of background from travels through much of the United States and Europe.

turned once more to see the French, and as he did so, he tripped over a broken column that littered the street.

He fell with great force upon his ailing left leg. He could feel a ripping pain, then a numbness. His tortured face relaxed. He slipped quietly away . . .

The man slowly regained consciousness, and came back to the real world. His face tightened with the same fear and torment. He realized that he was sitting in a wheelchair. He ran his hand down his left leg. A pank of truth told him that it had been amputated. He looked around at the room in which he found himself, but saw no familiar objects, nothing that he remembered. His eyes finally fell upon his wife. It seemed a long time since he had last seen her. She was unmistakably older. She was speaking . . .

"You've got to quit torturing yourself. You must put all that out of your mind. That accident was a year after the war. They were only a patrol. They weren't following you. You must stop thinking about it."

He turned his face to the side and retreated back into his own world. He was no longer aware of his wife or of his condition. He thought again about the war.

His wife leaned over the chair. Her face was wracked with worry. "When will you forget? When will this nightmare end? When will you return to the real world?"

She began to cry. "Frederick", she whispered in desperation, "it's been fourteen years!"

Memo To Young Writers

Shoptalker invites all Parker Pen youngsters, 18 years and under, to submit stories for this series. A crisp new \$10 bill goes to the author of each story selected by the editors. Send your manuscript to Editor, Shoptalker, The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin. All stories will receive professional appraisal which will be of benefit to budding young authors.

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Room At The Top

During the annual vacation closing, Arrow Park received a scrubbing and cleaning. In the process, the entire smoke stack behind the service building was washed and its mortar joints refilled.

Shoptalker enlisted the aid of a helicopter from the Midwest Helicopter Service to obtain this picture of the perilous work at the top.